

S U P P L E M E N T

# G I M L I MADNESS

by Mani Haghighi

There is something very fishy about *Tales from the Gimli Hospital*. First and foremost, it is filled with fish. Einar the Lonely (Kyle McCulloch) is a lonely fisherman on the shores of the plague-stricken city of Gimli, Manitoba, who decapitates his fish in front of his smoke-house, to the walls of which are nailed many a fish. Moreover, he gels his hair with fish intestines, which excites the local women.

Then there is the wooden fish. Fish masterly cut out of birch bark by Gunnar (Michael Gottfr); the small-poxed, blind-to-be story teller at the local hospital. Gunnar is tremendously fat and unpleasant looking, yet he has the ability to charm the Gimli nurses with the lure of his tale-telling tongue.

Neither of these two people, of course, exist.

The tales from the Gimli Hospital are actually told to two young children who sit at their mother's bedside waiting for her to die, as she unconsciously clutches on to her 7-11 Big Gulp paper cup, listening to a hypnotically scratched jazz melody on the FM.

As the story goes, after acquiring the small-pox epidemic, Einar finds himself at the Gimli Hospital, where he is to share a

room with Gunnar, as well as an appropriately mute Al Jolson look-alike who is done away with soon enough. His other roommates are an entire zoo of domestic animals who roam around the rooms, in accord with the film's surreal logic, functioning as units of central-heating.

The fisherman soon feels as if he is evaporating into thin air, as the Gimli nurses—looking as if they have just rushed out of Man Ray's modelling studio—ignore not only his sexual advances, but also his simplest pleas for recognition. He looks

on with frustration at the silhouette of the orgy conducted at his bedside between the nurses and the sweating Gunnar, who nevertheless goes on telling stories in an unfamiliar version of a Scandinavian tongue.

Later, in English, Gunnar recounts—in the form of a confession stripped of all religious trappings—the tale of how he rejected his beautiful wife on their wedding night, as she, too had fallen victim to the epidemic, and how she had died of despair as a result. In turn, Einar confesses to Gunnar that he sexually defiled the same woman after her death and stole all her belongings.

Mad with jealousy, Gunnar goes blind (his eye-glasses



painted black by the nurses) and indulges in a bloody Sumo-wrestling match against Einar, while an alleged politician makes a speech to a dozen quilted, medalled men who play their bag-pipes non-stop. The fight ends in an apparent draw, the fisherman goes home to his fish and Gunnar marries a local girl.

Meanwhile the mother of the two children dies, flies up to heaven and sits there, carefully watching her kids, forever and ever Amen.

*Tales from the Gimli Hospital*, already playing to packed houses as an instant cult-classic, owes a lot of its surreal air to previous explosions of cinematic madness. There can be

detected a considerable amount of Buñuel influence—the stitch-like scabs on the diseased skins bring to mind *Le Chien Andalou's* ants crawling out of the rapist's hands, and the recurring themes of sexual repression—though much much weaker—are reflections of *L'Age d'Or*, *Tristana*, *Virdianam*, *Belle de Jour*, and most evidently *E.L.*

There are also some Bergman ingredients visible, especially the plague which comes—with a sharp edge of humour added—straight out of *The Seventh Seal*, not to mention the omnipresent Scandinavian references transplanted right into the heart of Manitoba!

But *Gimli Hospital* is more than a mere mirror, angled to reflect past achievements in filmic surrealism. *Gimli Hospital* is uniquely mad. Although it is silly to look for interpretable symbols in a surreal film, one can not help but to detect certain archetypal qualities in, say, the birch-bark cut-outs. Nor can one fail to associate the butterflies which illustrate Einar's pillowcase with his dreams, and the dreams within his dreams and the dreams within those dreams.

Graphically, also, *Gimli* provides itself with considerably high standards. Gunnar's main scene, for example, which leads to his blindness and eventually to the cannibalistic wrestling match, is a tour-de-force of striking cinematic photo-montages. The super-imposition of

faces upon each other, as well as the unbalanced composition of frames in that scene, add up to what seems to be a distant dream cut up into a jigsaw puzzle. The director, Guy Madin, somewhat like his hero, Gunnar, can only see in black and white, not to mention that he too tells well-told stories in a strange language.

Despite all this, however, it is the pure humour of *Tales from the Gimli Hospital* which ranks it so high up among the recent productions of the 'daring' in cinema. The "distant marriage" scene—where the priest, fearing the epidemic, marries the couple from across a river—is a prime example. We also have the Punch and Judy skit performed by the nurses during a knee surgery (conducted by Guy Makkin himself with the help of a blunt sickle), the scar-cleansing sea-gulls, the moustachioed angel and the fish-gut gel solution to laugh at.

And yet as we laugh there in the dark, somewhere in the back of our minds, where all these people and places appear to be well at home, we find something deeply disturbing. And that sense of disturbance is well worth experiencing.

Tonight is your last chance to see *Tales from the Gimli Hospital* in its present screening at The Rialto (5723 Ave. du Parc). In case you are pathetically out of touch with the hip life, we remind you that the Rialto, which opened just last week, is the coolest theatre in town.

## The dawning of the RoughAge

by Julia Loktev

"Curiouser and curiouser" whispered Alice, engulfed in a sea of stimuli. She looked up—studies of blue light. Turned to the left—corroding celluloid globulas. Straight ahead—the streets of New Delhi. Listened—a barrage of guitar and tape effects. Alice had entered a new realm, the realm of Roughage. In the words of its principal creator Zeb Asher, it's a "dark room throbbing with images...an assault on the senses."

Roughage performed (created, took place, transpired, perspired, whatever it is those

"multi-media events" do) twice last weekend in a participant's Outremont apartment.

The brainchild of Zeb Asher and Mark Nugent, an experimental filmmaker, the Roughage hybrid of film and music first assailed Montréal's senses in June at Fousfoues. The June show was originally planned as an opening act for Sonic Youth's Lee Renaldo, who cancelled. With virtually no publicity, Roughage sprang upon the few unsuspecting spectators who happened to be at the club that night.

Last weekend's performances were slightly more publicized but were hindered by the

*Mirror's* misprinting the date and the threat of flyer-hanging fines and so still went practically unnoticed, except by a couple of dozen adventurous (and lucky) souls.

Too lazy to notice, too jaded to care, most "artsies" missed the show. Asher asserts that "the art scene here is very low-key, nothing is taken too seriously. People are pretty lethargic. They'd rather sit home and spend the four dollars they'd spend to go to a show like this on beer. They don't really want to take chances... It's unfortunate."

The ubiquitous seekers of continued on page 6



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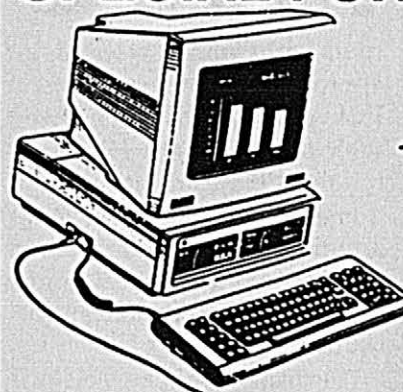
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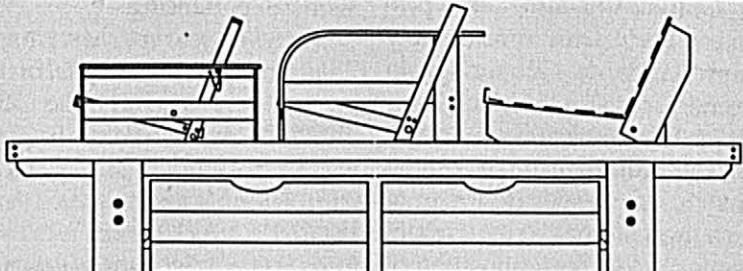
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# Obomsawin: 'Bush lady' of the Abenaki nation

by Mark Lurie

*You can always find me:  
Whether I come from the north  
or the south,  
I walk around with the sorrows  
of my race  
Engraved upon my face.*

*Bush Lady* is the name of a new album by Indian folksinger/filmmaker Alanis Obomsawin. The album is marked by constant rhythm, and a distinct absence of any guitar or keyboards, and is therefore not easily categorized. Still, it is worthy of careful listening as it invites the listener into a mysterious musical and lyrical adventure.

Obomsawin, a woman of the Abenaki nation (whose main area of concentration once included the New England states, as well as parts of Québec and New Brunswick), was born in New Hampshire but was raised on the Odanak reserve northeast of Montreal. She now resides in downtown Montréal and has performed all over North America, as well as some locations in Europe. She's also a filmmaker with a provocative

list of documentaries to her credit, available through the National Film Board.

*Bush Lady* is made up of three songs, two of which are fairly short native songs sung among the Abenaki for generations. Alanis sings these songs in her native dialect.

The other two compositions, "Bush Lady," sung in English, and "Theo," sung in French, are quite lengthy at approximately thirteen minutes and seventeen minutes, respectively. The topics she sings about range through an allegory in which a beaver foresees the eventual theft of Abenaki land by whites, the historical destruction of an Abenaki village at the hand of the English in 1759, and the exploitation of an Indian girl who leaves her village for the attractions of the city.

The latter is the theme for the title track. It is dedicated to, "all my sisters living in despair of the skid rows across North America." The song, which is accompanied by a slow metronomic drumbeat and a mournful violin, starts off with Obomsawin wailing and howling to

the rhythm. She relates the native girl's arrival to the city, whereupon she becomes involved in a possessive relationship, becomes pregnant and is told to go home. Only she can't go home because of the stigma attached to having a child of mixed blood. With the sorrowful violin playing, Obomsawin sings slowly, "Back home—no place for—blonde babies." True to life, the girl gives up the child and goes on to a life of sleeping on park benches and street walking. The song makes a powerful statement about the loss of innocence of the native woman in the white man's world.

This is a theme Alanis can relate to. In fact, because of her past exploitations at the hands of former record labels, she's formed her own recording and distribution company to help protect other native acts from things like "big promises" and "people using the material without paying (royalties)." In the wake of this fact, she's quick to state that she's not motivated out of bitterness. Rather she says "the story (of what's hap-



Daily photo by Deborah Kossman

pened to her people) has to be told."

For someone who claims not to be bitter, no one can say she isn't passionate. In "Theo," she recounts the horrific burning of the Abenaki village by a group of English soldiers under the command of one "Major Roger." The song paints a vivid,

detailed picture of the makeup of her village as well as her relationships with her aunt and the village elder Theo. It is Theo who tells the story of the attack.

The listener is brought right into the apprehensive hearts of the Indians as she slowly recounts the white man's raid on the settlement. We are witness to the surveillance by the English unit, the ensuing tension, on through to the chaotic bloodshed and its aftermath. It is at this point that a young girl 'Malianne' returns to find the village destroyed. (This part is a separate song called "Nazi Waldham," and is sung in Abenaki). "Theo" is sung in French (Alanis is fluently trilingual) but is not comprised of lengthy sentences and as an account it is very easily understood by all who possess a minimal knowledge of French.

Though she is called a folksinger, Alanis is reluctant to label herself in any traditional sense. "Listen to the record," she says. "Nobody sings like me." No arguments here. Besides the lengthiness of some of the songs and their subject matter, there are several other unusual factors. Firstly, instrumentation is sparse, consisting mainly of constant drum beating (which she calls "the heartbeat of the Indian"), and her beautiful voice which howls in such a manner that it is almost a separate instrument. Also included are the cello, oboe, flute, and violin, which are used only intermittently and provide a haunting backdrop.

Another interesting feature continued on page 6

## McGill becomes hundred-and-first monkey

by Ryan Morey

So, you're sitting comfortably in your post-modern den when suddenly a disturbing chill rushes up your spine. You're almost certain you can feel it, the inexorable arrival of the Post post-modern age. Well, surprise, while you've been religiously collecting Eric Fishl paintings and reading Italo Calvino, you probably haven't had time to go mantra shopping and enlist in the yuppie revisit to the sixties. The good news is that it's not too late to find a good acupuncturist and become part of the definitive 80s dance craze, The New Age Society.

No, New Age is not just that synthesizer drone that is the musical equivalent of watching a fish tank. In fact, clearly defining the term is no simple task. But for those easily satisfied it can be explained as the meeting of ancient eastern Taoist principles and modern western science, with a dash of Shirley Maclaine thrown in to keep things from getting dry. Those less easily satisfied can now find

out for themselves since New Age culture has leaped off the Doonesbury easel and finally arrived at everyone's favourite Institute of higher learning, in the form of The McGill New Age Society.

The society is the brainchild of second year anthropology student Curtis Christopher Jones, with the help of fellow McGill New Agers from diverse areas of study including math, communications and sciences. This wide range of backgrounds is a good indication of the scope of New Age. As Jones explains, the society is a continuation of the 60s 'human potential' movement, minus hallucinogenics. Central to the New Agers is the search for inner balance and 'autonomy of the self', achieved through holistic medicine, acupuncture, meditation, massage and most others this side of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

If there is a core belief that unites the many branches of the movement it is the Jungian concept of the collective unconscious, or what the New Agers term "the planet brain". Simply explained, this is the theory that if enough minds share the same

belief a "critical mass" will be reached, creating a paradigm shift, and thereby making the belief a universally understood concept. The principle basis for this belief is the 100th Monkey Experiment carried out on the Japanese island of Koshima from 1952 to 1958.

Scientists arranged to have potatoes strategically dropped from airplanes, so that they would land on the sandy beaches of the island. The monkeys on the island would hesitate to eat the potatoes due to the fact that they were covered in sand. In a short time one young female discovered that if she washed the potatoes in the ocean first, it would remove all the distasteful sand. The ingenious monkey quickly showed her family and friends her discovery, and soon the whole tribe was cleaning their spuds. Once a very large number of the primates had learnt this trick, it only took one more (the scientists used the allegorical transition from 99 to 100), to push the idea to "critical mass". In a very short time all the monkeys, not only on the Koshima island, but across the sea on other islands

and the mainland, were intuitively cleaning the sand off potatoes provided by scientists. It is believed that the planet brain has been scientifically confirmed in this way.

More recently a book has been published under the name *The Hundredth Monkey*, theorizing that if everyone thought real hard about removing the threat of nuclear war it would certainly become a political impossibility. An admirable idea to be sure, but perhaps not the most effective way to achieve disarmament.

The McGill New Agers are somewhat less ambitious. Their main focus, through forums and the exchange of literature, is to "fine tune ourselves," says Jones. The society will concentrate on teaching each other how to deal better with the stress of university life through various relaxation and memory-improvement exercises. For those who feel ready to enter the New Age, the society next meets on Wednesday, Oct. 12, in Leacock 738. Those not quite ready for complete harmony and enlightenment might just want to pick up a copy of *The Tao of Pooh*.



## Randy Newman: Land of Dreams

# SUBVERSIVE ONIONS

by c ARL p WILSON iii

It has become fashionable during the past decade to classify artists into the pigeonholes marked "Alternative" and "Mainstream," categories that have always existed in music (Thelonius Monk was Alternative and Benny Goodman was Mainstream earlier in the century) but have never before defined what section your records get slotted into at the record store. I can even remember when "Alternative" meant that the records probably weren't in the record stores. Now they are but they cost more than everything else.

One musician who has gotten lost in the shuffle is Randy Newman. He doesn't fit into any of the slots, which used to mean that you were an Alternative but now means you're "quirky" or "eclectic" but doesn't get you treated like the Next Big Thing in New Music Express. Newman's new album *Land of Dreams*, released in Montréal this week, will do nothing but exacerbate the confusion.

How does one classify an artist who has written soundtracks for Hollywood films like *The Natural* and *Ragtime* but makes pop music too musically and lyrically sophisticated to make more than the slightest stain upon the radio silence? Newman demands a category of his own and makes a mockery of the whole critical apparatus that demands fatuous comparisons in every paragraph.

The trouble with Newman's music dates back to his debut in the late 1960s, and has prevented him from achieving the commercial success of which he's obviously capable (because he really knows his way around a hook, enough so that some of his songs have been transformed into commercial successes as TV commercials). The problem is that Newman has a penchant for satire, but not of the sort that could get him comfortably labelled a "novelty act." His satirical pieces assume the listener is intelligent, sensitive, and politically enlightened.

While this sounds like a Noble Sentiment, history has proven it wrong. Witness the furor over Newman's biggest "hit," the late 1970s "Short People." Hordes of screaming half-pints from all over North America marched, picketed radio stations and Newman's record company and wrote letters to Ann Landers about the insulting and unjust nature of the song, which included several statements like "Short people got no reason/ Short people got no reason/ Short people got no reason to live." What the protestors failed to realize is that Newman (of no great stature himself) was using the mask of height bigotry to criticize those who find trivial reasons to discriminate against other people.

The satire in "Short People," however, is far more blatant than in much of Newman's work. It got attention merely because it was getting airplay. Newman's other "hit," "I Love L.A.," has been treated with glee by the Los Angeles municipality despite clear evidence in the song that he is accusing the citizens of L.A. of a glib and shallow lifestyle rather than praising its blue skies. But it's rather frightening to imagine the reaction that songs like "Christmas in Capetown" (a song about apartheid from the point of view of a Botha supporter on Newman's last album, *Trouble in Paradise*) or "Rednecks" (a paean to Southern bigots that indicts Northern liberals for thinking they're any less guilty of "keeping the

niggers down" on Newman's concept album *Good Old Boys*) might receive if given widespread exposure.

Newman's technique is to enter the minds and hearts of his enemies—American right-wing extremists. Once there, he quickly recognizes the marks of insecurity and confusion on the landscape, and accuses with a sense of sympathy for the human realities behind the evil. He is much less sparing in attacking bleeding-heart hypocrisy than when discussing a lynch mob, and this leaves him vulnerable to misinterpretation.

Because of all this, *Land of Dreams* is unlikely to skyrocket up the charts. But it is an album that has been long-awaited by Newman's cult following (which is, after 20 years, large enough to support him fairly well). Newman has been off the market for the past few years due to a battle with Epstein-Barr disease which left him with a temporary case of writer's block. *Land of Dreams* proves that his recovery has been complete.

It is not flawless. The highly sentimental "Something Special" is almost stomach-turning in its lushness and sounds like a Huey Lewis song, and the rap parody "Masterman and Baby J" is redeemed only by a quiet interlude in which Newman suggests that rap has become a dream machine for escaping the ghetto for young black men. But all in all, *Land of Dreams* is amongst Newman's strongest works.

The album opens with three childhood reminiscences, presumably fictitious but touching nevertheless. "Dixie Flyer" presents the memories of a Jewish mother who moved to Texas wanting to "do like the Gentiles do" in the "land of dreams." "New Orleans Wins the War" is one of the strongest cuts on the album, particularly notable for a section in which a woman gives her child a surrealistic lesson in racism—"She said, 'Here comes a white boy, there goes a black one, that one's an octoroon/ This little cookie here's a macaroon, that big round thing's a red balloon/ And the paper down here's called the *Picayune* / And here's a New Orleans Tune.'" "Four Eyes" gives a mysterious ambience to the first day of school for a little boy, who arrives at a place he doesn't understand and is given an indoctrinal beating.

On the second side, "Roll With the Punches" gives us

a typical Newman ragtime rap, blithely advising ghetto residents to be happy they're living in the good ol' USA and smile when they're blue just like the white folks always do. The acidity in Newman's voice on this track is just under the level that might melt the vinyl itself.

Also on side two is "Red Bandana," a very subtle, slightly scary narrative in the persona of an L.A. gang member, a mock-patriotic anthem called "Follow the Flag," and "It's Money that Matters," which points out (speaking here very much from personal experience) that stupid, cruel people flourish better than the smart and the kind in a capitalist system.

The most potent piece on the album is the last cut, "I Want You to Hurt Like I Do." The song is frighteningly honest, suggesting that the desire to hurt other people in transferent revenge for the wrongs we ourselves have suffered is a primary motivation in human behaviour. The second verse is a fantasy trip in which Newman imagines gathering all the people of the world together, singing them "a song or two" and delivering the message to which everyone could sing along—"I just want you to hurt like I do," a phrase that the chorus repeats thrice and follows with a twist on the hook from the old standard "Darling, You Send Me," "honest I do, honest I do, honest I do."

The song is terribly cynical, even bitter, and would never appear on radio. This is the kind of thing that the PRMC doesn't need to interfere with, because it's *real* subversion, much more dangerous than the Dead Kennedy's penis posters. All the more so because, like most of the album, its content is masked by skillful, sweet music, with a full complement of LA studio musicians and Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler on guitar. Though musical violence escapes now and then in bursts of synth or percussion, for the most part these sound like well-orchestrated, tuneful pop—except that Newman's whining, nasal voice half-sings overtop of them and adds a dash of onions to the caramel coating.

*Land of Dreams* will do nothing to change Newman's non-reputation, unless perhaps "Something Special" comes out as a single. But it might do some interesting things to your brain if you let it inhabit your turntable or tape deck for an hour or so.





# Musique Actuelle and wet Canadiana

by Michelle Journée

Hockey sticks, maple syrup, fall leaves, trucking restaurants and constant rain set the stage for Victoriaville's "Festival Musique Actuelle" last year. This year's festival, the sixth of its kind, promises to be just as full of Canadiana clichés. It's unassuming character makes it a strange place for strange music. This type of music rarely gets radio airplay except for maybe CKUT and (giving a bit of hope for Canada's future) CBC.

From today on through to Monday, you can see a battery

of artists from 14 places around the world (both the Eastern and Western hemispheres) at the Victoriaville festival.

Coming from a diverse range of backgrounds, the participants are difficult to categorize. They range from Classical musicians like American Terry Riley (a contemporary of Philip Glass) to Robert Ashley, an exciting avant-garde opera creator. Last year, performers, some meeting at the festival for the first time, displayed a broad array of interesting improvisational skill. Watching them this year promises to be another

experience in undiluted creativity.

Returning artists from last year's event include Tom Cora, Alfred 23 Harth and regulars Joan Derome and René Lussier. Anthony Braxton, returning after a two years absence, has one of the most impressive minds in modern jazz today. Big names like John Zorn, Wayne Horowitz and Fred Frith represent New York's recent blending of diverse international sounds.

There is something here for everyone, except the weak of heart. You can hear computers, screaming guitars, harps, yo-

delling primadonnas, piano quartets and two man bands. What more can one really want in life?

Victoriaville is 170 km east of Montréal. Hostels and hotels are readily available. The tickets are relatively inexpensive and plentiful; they can be purchased here at Ticketron or in Victoriaville.

There are six shows a day in succession, so any spare time is spent eating and sleeping or whatever. Get out there and support obscurity so that one day the word itself will disappear.



## Graham Greene's King Kong bleakly in love

*The Captain and the Enemy*  
Graham Green  
Lester & Orpen Dennys

by Zeb Brown

The feeling of quiet demoralization which Graham

Greene's 25th novel arouses in its readers is just one mark of the excellence of this book.

The stylistic emptiness and bleak storyline of *The Captain and the Enemy* have surprisingly made for a fairly entertaining story, which manages to charge

a tired old theme with original insight.

From Pink Floyd to Munsch, solitude has held centre stage in the works of musicians, painters and writers of every artistic period. But Greene's contribution, set in post-WWII England,

has considerably more appeal than drugged-away rock luminaries or screaming woodcut faces.

The thematic premise of *The Captain and the Enemy* is that people without public identity lose their sense of person and place. 'Public identity' for Greene amounts to no more than a meaningful relationship to one's surroundings and companions. The book focuses on the ease with which that relationship can be lost, and the sometimes impossible task of re-establishing it.

The Captain is the elusive father figure for Jim, who narrates the story in the form of a manuscript written during his pre- and post-adolescent years. Through his naïve eyes, we see the Captain as a mysterious criminal, wandering back and forth from various parts of the globe to the London basement apartment where his girlfriend Liza lives with Jim. Although the reader can appreciate the significance of many of Jim's youthful observations, the motives and character of the Captain remain almost indiscernible until the end of the story.

He is excluded, at least in his own mind, by every social environment in which he finds himself, and consequently makes increasingly prolonged and distant searches for a surrounding he can attach himself to. The Captain sends money to Liza from abroad, ostensibly to support her, but his funding is actually intended to bring her basement life up to the unspecified standard necessary for him to return permanently.

Jim, lost by his father in a game of backgammon, arrives in the Captain and Liza's life with a long, convoluted journey from his school to the apartment. His name is changed almost immediately and, told to think of Liza as his mother, he

loses much of his personality to the emptiness which characterizes their lives.

Liza is the only central character in the book with roots of any sort. But her roots, appropriately in an underground apartment, consist of a sort of permanent detachment from everything. She works as a custodian for an empty building, and rarely leaves her apartment, anticipating the Captain's unannounced returns after years-long absences.

She is part of the same underworld as the Captain, living in suspension while he is away. She might have been revitalized by his simply agreeing to return and remain, since she apparently cannot really live without him.

Throughout the Captain's endless search for something beyond Liza that he can relate to, his individuality fades along with his conception of himself. Jim's first impression of him is of someone dressed in a costume—he switches names regularly and varies his appearance.

The Captain's favourite allusion is to King Kong. The whole world was against King Kong, he says, who was just a poor guy in love with nowhere to go. The Captain felt excluded rather than attacked, but his situation is not very different from that of the ape.

Every character in the novel shares the Captain's lack of identifiable depth. They are a variety of types with no interesting traits or certainty in direction, and are more shapes than people. These shells have no significant relationship to one another or to their surroundings, and move almost mechanically through wholly empty lives.

Nothing is resolved, as the Captain, Liza and even Jim remain distanced from their continued on page 6

## listurkeyslisturkeyslisturkeys

by Egg

*Turkey Time, Turkey Time, let's all eat till we look like cows.*

Song by new local band Egg and the Earlobes. They aren't performing this week.

Thursday the 6. Jazzzzzz Festival "off-season show" (why do they bother, that's a summer fest and there's frost on the ground) The Michael Brecker Band (of former Steps Ahead fame) play the Spectrum... Lots o' politically correct films this week. All on campus, besides... First, *Women in the Nicaraguan Revolution* at 15h in Union 425. It's only 25 min., so you can still get back to class on time. Southern Africa Committee presents *Witness to Apartheid* 19h in the Multicultural Lounge.

Tonight at Fousfoues, their first annual Oktoberfest with Bavarian pop, piano performance and imported beer on tap! Wear your lederhosen. In the Alley tonight, Theatresports does their usual bit. And it's the last night to see Gimli Hospital at the Rialto (story elsewhere). At the American Rock Café for now until Sunday, *Voices in View*. They're top-40 cover, so as a special bonus, all those caught attending will be given a reasonable facsimile of Michael Jackson's single chest hair.

Friday the 7. Speed metal with Death Angel at Fousfoues with Rigor Mortis and SCUM. Coloured Museum presented by The Black Theatre Workshop begins now until October 16 at the Centaur. At the McGill Film Society, *The Party*, with Peter Sellers and Blake Edwards. (That was tricky, now, it's a film, not a party, k.o.?)

Saturday the 8. The Chain at The Centaur (Vittorio Rosi). At Club 2080 Jimmy Heath, sax. And the Dik Van Dykes, whom nobody likes, with Montréalish guests Idee Noire at Fousfoues, home of black thoughts, stockings and hair dye. And that's it. Go figure.

Sunday the 9. Hothouse Flowers from Ireland at the Spectrum.

At American Rock Café, The Griffins, I believe they're local folks, but not necessarily folkies (ie. it should be safe). But, just when you thought it was safe to go back to the clubs... it's Folk/country night at Station 10. Open Mike. Go sing your favourite Country Joe and the Fish anthem. Oh, ain't no time to wonder why, whoopee, we're all gonna die... (I'm so embarrassed I know that).

Monday the 10. Quarter Finals! Battle of the Bands closing in at Station 10, and if you don't know what battle I'm referring to you must be really unimpressed. But, nonetheless,

News From F, Savage Garden, and The Cause are going to mop the floor and clean the washrooms (sorry, "battle it out" was just too much of a cliché).

Tuesday the 11. At Poodles, hoo-rah, one of my faves is back from a brief remission (or it's entirely possible I'd just slipped in a coma and hadn't noticed their promos). That's Chinese Backwards and they're not exactly death-rock and they're not exactly pop, but they're also not the Sons of the Doornobs, and that's a very good thing. At Station 10, Black Smoke all the way from Idunnoknowwhereville, those who hang out at the uncool non-smoking section of the Alley are not urged to attend. They open for Roy McCool, but that's a pretentious name, so we won't talk about him, and anyway, I bet he's not as cool as Fonzie so there.

Wednesday the 12. Inuit independent artist—talk and video screening at Mainfilm 4060 St. Laurent (corner Duluth). Les Taches at Poodles. At Station 10, Paradiso Blues but not Levi's 501 kind.

Thursday the 13. X-Ray Specs, featuring special guest-star duet with Poly Styrene and Big Bird. Had you for a minute, there, didn't I?



# ...the RoughAge sets later in the issue

continued from page 1

meaning would be baffled. The trick was to sit back, gaze, and absorb. Allow the stimuli to bombard, because the battle was Roughage's from the start.

Originally, the show was intended to progress from an ambient soothing of the senses to a true visual and aural onslaught, but a few irate neighbours (the universal enemies of art) forced the aural density to fall short of the visual storm.

Roughage relies on more than a chance meeting of ran-

dom chords. Though much of the music is improvised, the visual aspect is planned well in advance. The films are a combination of Nugent's own work



## ...Greene

continued from page 5

respective societies, and from one another. Greene's politics are subject to interpretation, but his condemnation seems directed more at people who allow themselves to become alienated than at the society which is responsible.

The book, written as a young novice like Jim would write, is accurate to such an extreme that the reader may occasionally find him or herself reproaching Greene for clichéd, childish turns of phrase. But the style is effective and complements the book's theme.

and footage rented from the National Film Board or Cinémathèque Québécoise or simply discovered "in (Asher's) father's basement". Much of the film (including the rented reels, of course) is scratched, painted, bleached or otherwise altered with an optical printer.

Although no upcoming performances are scheduled as of yet, Roughage does plan to give Montréal more chances to be assaulted and might also expand to perform in Toronto and Ottawa. "I don't think too many people are making an effort to do this type of thing," says Asher.

"There's a pretty big effort involved."

A key obstacle is the lack of an appropriate venue. While last weekend's *appartement* setting provided a suitable enclosed space, the residential location restricted the noise potential. Asher hopes that the next venue will allow them to "make a hell of a lot of noise—the louder the better." He has considered trying to get a show at the newly-opened Rialto repertory theatre, perhaps as an opening act for a better-known noise band.

However, while the Rialto would provide a large screen, the enormity of the theatre

would defeat the concept of an enclosed space filled with images. "I'd like to try it in different kinds of spaces—gas stations, places people wouldn't expect a performance," says Asher. "I don't really want to play the standard clubs where people go to see a show."

The quest for the perfect forum continues, but in the mean-

time Asher is working on a cassette that will include some of the music from the performances. The cassette should be out "very soon," and he hopes it will lead to a video tape release that would include some of Nugent's films as well as work from other contributors. The ultimate goal would be to "turn it into a video magazine."

Although Nugent is leaving for Morocco in a month to work on a project with the Montréal avant-garde outfit Fat, Roughage will continue, perhaps with new collaborators. Asher half-jokingly muses, "I want it to be the start of a fictional kind of movement, the antithesis to the New Age movement—the Rough Age... Smash crystals. I don't know how far I can take that but I'm going to try and write up some manifestos along those lines."

Keep your eyes and ears fixed for the next assault.

## ...Bush

continued from page 3

of her songs is a tendency to break off into a brief story, then come back and relate the subject in question to her song. For instance, in "Theo," she stops to describe (to a drumbeat) the use of Christian names among the Abenaki, who don't have a letter for "R" in their language. And so, such names as Mary and Marianne become "Maly" and "Malianne"—the latter being the young girl who returns to discover the village burned.

While this album is not aimed at a major commercial market, many people with a wide range of tastes should be receptive to her style of music. Calling it alternative would be too constricting. It is music and lyrics for the thinking person with messages that are both clear on the one hand and eerie and hair-raising on the other. It is not something one should listen to casually, as background music to a group of friends engaged in conversation. It is much better appreciated when listened to lying down, the lights turned down low. The listener should appreciate the subtlety of the instruments, the conviction of her voice, and the power of the "heartbeat" drums, all the while being moved by her haunting lyrics. It should prove interesting to all admirers of socio-politically oriented music.

Bush Lady can be purchased through WaWA productions Reg'd, P.O. Box 1616, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N5, and at various alternative bookstores throughout Montréal.

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### EVENTS

**WUSC McGill:** General meeting at 16h30 in Union Rm. 310.

**McGill Student Pugwash:** Presents "Notes on Nuclear War", an NFB film at 19h00 in Burnside 305.

**Women's Union and Tools for Peace:** Presents video "Women in the Nicaraguan Revolution" (25 min.) at 15h30 in Union 425. Everyone welcome. More info: 398-6823.

**McGill Hellenic Students' Association:** General Assembly at 18h00 in Leacock 26. All members and non-members are invited.

**McGill Southern Africa Committee:** Movie "Witness to Apartheid" followed by discussion and planning of future events. At 19h00 in the Multicultural Lounge, 4th floor, Union building.

**Centre for Developing Area Studies:** Seminar Series: His Excellency Joseph Tomusange, Ugandan high Commissioner, "Recent Changes in Uganda", at 12h30 at 3715 Peel, Rm. 100.



# CLASSIFIEDS

Ads may be placed through the *Daily* business office, room B-17, Union Building, 9h00 - 15h00. Deadline is 14h00 two weekdays prior to date of publication.

McGill students: \$3.00 per day; \$7.00 for 3 consecutive days. McGill Faculty and Staff: \$4.00 per day; \$2.00 per day for more than 3 consecutive days. All others: \$4.50 per day. There is a 25 word limit. There will be a charge of 25¢ for each word over the limit. Boxed ads are available at \$4.00 per ad per day - no discounts on boxing. **EXACT CHANGE ONLY PLEASE.**

The *Daily* assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damage due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The *Daily* reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

## 341 - APTS., ROOMS, HOUSING

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Female 1st or second year student needed to fill a room in Molson Hall. If interested in immediate occupancy call 939-0920 or contact residence admissions office in Bishop Mountain hall.

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## 352 - HELP WANTED

Fast, accurate computer typist with top editing skills and good knowledge of Wordperfect 4.2 required for part-time word processing projects. Desktop publishing training possible. 737-9760.

FEDERAL election numerators needed in riding of St. Henri/Westmount (includes McGill). 56¢ per voter registered, 63¢ each after the first 200. Call Sandra Wilson, Chief Returning Officer at 939-2690.

## 354 - TYPING SERVICES

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## 370 RIDES

Cheap one-way ride eastbound for thanksgiving. Specific destination is Charlestown, but will take persons heading in that general direction. Leaving Oct. 7th A.M. Call Laura 848-1837.

## 370 LOST AND FOUND

LOST: a RED wallet with WHITE STRIPES, in the Arts Bldg. (RM 270). You can keep the money and wallet but PLEASE return all the cards. It's such a pain to have them all replaced. Call Isabelle Clément at 342-0198 or 739-3714 or 398-6784/6785 or drop the wallet at the McGill Daily Office - Union B-03. NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

LOST: Gold chain at Detour, Sept. 29th. Sentimental value, please return. Reward offered, call 284-4887.

FOUND: Bracelet Friday afternoon at the McGill Blood Drive. 932-4519 (after 7:30 pm)

Are you lost? Phone McGill Nightline (398-6246). Maybe talking to someone will help you find out what's wrong! 6pm-3am, every night of the week.

## 374 - PERSONAL

WOMEN'S RUGBY. A word of warning - do not eat french fries at Ben's - and don't worry cuz no

one even noticed. Bleah.

Need Information? Feeling lonely? Just want to chat? Then call McGill Nightline! We are students talking to students. 398-6246, 7 days a week, 6 p.m. to 3 a.m. Anonymous and confidential.

Need someone to talk to who will really listen? Phone McGill Nightline anytime between 6pm-3 am any night. 398-6246.

Sabina Bollelann(?) in air and Space Law call me about your father's Eurocheque, Susan 481-8870.

Pencil case found: Sept. 30, Otto Mass. Name on it: S. Gratton. Call Henri: 259-5211.

Gays and Lesbians of McGill offer a peer counselling service, Monday through Wednesday, from 7:00 pm to 10:00 pm. 398-6822. It's a chance to talk.

## 383 LESSONS OFFERED

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## 385 - NOTICES

ANIMAL RIGHTS! A new group called META-McGill for the Ethical Treatment of Animals is

looking for members. Call Steve at 272-5064.

Celebrate thanksgiving on Mount-Royal. Informal, eucamenical service led by St. Martha's in-the-Basement Sunday, Oct. 9th. Meet at 3521 University 10:30 a.m. Everyone Welcome! 398-4104.

Bible Study Thursday, October 6th, 4:30 Newman Center, 3484 Peel. 398-4104, Rev. Roberta Clare.

Actors in 20's wanted for advanced student film. Call Joe at 931-3199.

Ex-Rotary exchange students! Informal pot-luck dinner to meet others. All former exchangees welcome. Thursday Oct. 13th. 3641 Aylmer. More info? Call Liane 284-4457, Steff 286-0298.

AttentionPHILI Meet me Fri. 23 at Jeanne Mance and Sherbrooke. Being conned out of money by MAW contact 289-8534. Need description.

## 387 VOLUNTEERS

Children's outing group needs volunteers for activities and outings on Fridays 4-6 pm. Walking distance from McGill. Contact McGill Volunteer Bureau 398-6819 or rm. 414 Union.

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